# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

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And gives to him who sows an hundred

WILD OATS. To fall, perchance, on fallow land or wold, The fruitful seed, no culture needs, and

All other grains, when sown, require our care; This only needs the sowing, and no more winds he warm or foul or fair whether winds be warm or foul or fair, be harvest surely will increase the store. he sower of all other crops may reap or no; This one must garnered be when it is grown;
The law is fixed, we must reap what we sow,
And each must gather what himself bath

Accursed seed! and since the fall of man its baneful fruit has poisoned countless years;
We sow it recklessly, and know we can
But garner it with bitter, scalding tears.

- Walter Cooper, in N. Y. Ledger.

# A STRAWBERRY FARM.

A Description of the Largest One in the World.

Where Mirth and Industry Go Hand is Hand and There Is No Discrimination Between Male and Female Labor.

Did you ever see a strawberry farm? Not a strawberry bed nor a strawberry you hade, an' set in de shade in a arm patch, but a farm of three or four hundred acres, on which nothing is culti- I lay your mammy will have ole wuks tivated but strawberries. Not unless wid you ter make you mind yo' busi- for such unskilled agricultural labor, you have been to Florida or somewhere ness! along the southern Atlantic coast, and when you get as far up as Norfolk, Va., you can not only see a great number of ing his tongue out saucily, returns leisstrawberry farms, but one of 440 acres, urely to his work. Presently, in the that labor is hard to get. The laborers water, and I'll eat my luncheon." The berry shipping place in the world. Afar out and a perfect hurricane of profanioff the delicious odor comes wafted, ty rages. An elderly sister, who is the and a little closer-mind, this is strawberry time-the glow, the picturesque- remonstrates earnestly. ness, the work and fun are unsurpassed. For nearly all the pickers are negroes, and the negro laughs, sings, shouts and dances at his work. It is a fine, clear in' in strawberry time. I'se a back-May day-for the Norfolk strawberries slider from de day I see de fust are in their prime about the first week strawberry crate. Now, step 'long in May-and half a mile from the strawberry fields one can hear the shrill dem good-for-nothin' black niggers." laughter, the wild cries of the laborers. the hoarse shouts of the overseers, the sounds of music and dancing, as, when trays balanced on their heads. Bro' was sick, he said, of so-called explorers a strapping young fellow or a comely dusky maiden have got a good handful basket at random, empties it into an- of trumpets, and bringing back only a of parti-colored tickets, they are pretty other basket. This is to see if any are sure to make a dash for the rude danc- picking green or decayed berries. If ing pavilion and engage in a lively they are all right the pickers march off had discovered. breakdown. Coming out of the skirt of to the paying booth, where the busy folds itself. The hot May sunshine a volley ensues from Sampson, in- that would amount to something. pours down upon hundreds of men, terspersed with numerous charges of When he landed in America he started The field is divided into long rows and ways sullenly resented. If the berries search of a river that was of some acwhat appears to be bedlam is soon are not up to the standard they are count. History is silent with regard to found to be really a wonderful system ruthlessly poured out on the ground, the incidents of that remarkable jourof order. Every thing goes by the and if one or two of these corrections ney. You may have noticed that there watch of the strawberry farmer, who are not enough the worthless picker is are a great many chapters of silence in knows to a minute when the gang-plank driven out of the field. Meanwhile history, and De Soto has not been negwill be hauled in of the big New York | those that have gone off to the paying | lected in this respect. steamer, puffing and steaming in her booth are making various dispositions It was in the year 1541, to be exact, dock up the river, her dark hull out- of their tickets. Some go for pies, for when De Soto was forty-one years old, lined clearly against the wharves and beer-although the negro is not that he finally stumbled on the Mississhipping of Norfolk-who calculates to much of a beer drinker-and, if the sippi river. He didn't shout "Eua second how long it will take the stal- picker is young and light of heel, with reka!" because that word had not then wart oarsman to pull the heavy light- no fear of the "church," to the dancing been incorporated in the slang phrases ers, laden with strawberry crates high pavilion. Old time jigs and backdowns of the day. above their heads, upstream to the prevail, the negro musicians playing His march back to the sea coast, steamer. He knows, too, that the in- with a wild abandon which generates a bringing the joyful intelligence that the stant it is flashed over the wires that the catching enthusiasm. Many of the greatest river in the world, after elud-New Jersey berries have touched a cer- couples are strangers to each other, as ing observations for years and years, tain figure he can not ship another strawberry time brings a great influx of had at last been discovered, was one basket, although he may have thousands | negroes from as far as North Carolina, | continued ovation, the people of Montof them filled with the luscious fruit. but the steps of acquaintanceship are gomery, Ala., going so far as to get up I listened attentively to the narrative So, from the day he begins to ship until easy and progressive. A couple paired a barbecue.

the long row with swinging scythes was scene is busy, but when the last half- satisfied. - Texas Siftings. ordered to sing his reaping song loudly, hour comes every thing is accelerated. that the others might join in as the glit- At a given signal every picker is to tering blades mowed down the stop, as not a moment is to be lost if wheat, so the strawberry farmer of to- the lighters are to reach the steamers on day has to keep his hands amused or time. Already the roar and rumble of Experience of a Clergyman Who Ran they will not work. He must allow the the trucks on the wharves can be heard rough pavilion to be put up like distant thunder. Probably several he must let Josh and Yellow Jack and loads have already been lightered down, Sam Jubilee bring their rusty old fiddles but every load is valuable, and it is and their bones and banjos on the shaky highly important not to miss a single bench for the musicians; he must let a one. The capacity of the immense booth be erected where lemonade and steamers seems limitless, as, although I desired above all things to learn to candy and tobacco can be bought for the bulk of the strawberry crates is con- play the flute. I had heard that there strawberry tickets; he must allow a ven- ssderable, their weight is trifling, and was a famous teacher of the flute residerable darky with a push-cart to shout they are stowed all over the ship, wher- ing at Philadelphia, and I determined to energetically the beauty and luscious- ever they can find a lodging-place. seek his instruction. I knew my father ness of his wares as he trundles his eart | Samson is fairly boiling over by five brown-faced laborers look ragged and vilion and by dint of coaxing, storming so I ran away. I reached Augusta with poor, albeit their pockets are stuffed and imploring, breaks up the festivities ten dollars in my pocket. At a little They have flashy silk frocks and glossy proceedings to help. The pie man is I determined to give a concert. I ad- low glass. I recollect meeting Dr. broadcloth at home, but down on their warned off the field until the last load vertised an extended and tempting Griffin, of the quarantine department, knees or sitting squat on the ground is being headed for town. The owner, on programme, and easily secured quite would be death to those sacred gar- horseback or in a light buggy, is giving a large audience. The programme bonnet is by no means superseded, for jokes or bandy witticisms with Stanhope, to make it appear that there complexion. Each has a tray holding from the steamer's whistle is heard stance, I announced a piano solo by Mr. six quart-baskets. When this tray is that means perhaps that they have a Richardson, a violin solo by Mr. Rich, filled up it is then taken to the paying half hour only to get the crates on a song by Mr. Stanhope, and guitar boxes full of red and green tickets, re- down to the shore, in five minutes the audience soon discovered the fraud ceives the baskets and checks them off. flat-bottomed boats are out in mid- despite my change of costume, but it Thus, no distinction is made between stream meeting other flat-bottomed was a good-humored audience and I esmale and female labor, and the one that boats, and taking their place in line caped without injury, and with some picks the most strawberries makes the when they reach the pier. A great money. It was thus that I made my large farms not to cash any tickets until hurrying the heavily-loaded trucks into rived, however, my punishment began. berry farms.

over each of which is placed an over- break the captain's heart to leave so seer, colored, like the pickers them- much valuable freight behind, but railselves. Sometimes these are surly and road connections must be made, and no disagreeable. But the African being matter how long he might wait the trade is dull, take the liberty of shipping naturally a good tempered creature, string of boats would only become goods without ever receiving an order they are oftener very jolly fellows. longer. At last, however, the whistle is for them. One of these liberty-taking Nothing is more amusing than one heard, and, almost as the plank is drummers shipped a firm in Atlantaten darky's assumption of authority over hauled in, a few more crates are rushed boxes of tobacco a few days ago, and took possession of the premises of S. another darky. If a picker is alert and aboard, and then the big ocean-going wrote the firm that he took this liberty. the gentler sex, the overseer is patron- who have not been able to get their that he took the liberty of leaving the

. sirv, and particularly f she belongs to vessel pulls out and heads away. Those The merchant wrote to the drummer

Dat foot kin dance quicker'n dat han' kin pick."

The owner of the foot bestirs himself. if he has not been affronted by being called a nigger-a term of reproach common among the negroes, but strictly interdicted among the best classes word is never heard. A bright-eyed youngster, with no clothes on to speak of, comes next under the overseer's

"What you doin' on dis heah field, boy? You ought to have a broadcloth coat on yo' back and a beaver hat on cheer. You doan know how to pick strawberries. You is a gentmun, you is.

Thus adjured, the youngster slyly opens a ragged pocket and shows a bundle of strawberry tickets, and, stick-berry times, when they are all in funds, which is the largest of its kind in the midst of his exhortation, he comes upon world, as Norfolk is the greatest straw- a row half picked. Then he launches president of the Daughters of Rebekah or the Order of the Galilean Fisherman,

> "Bro' Samson, how kin you talk so, an' you a professin'' Chrischun?" "Sis' 'Lisbeth, I ain't professin' nothlively an' lemme see you clean up arter

Just then a half dozen pickers come

laborer on earth. He will not work un- into a common fund.

The laborers are divided into gangs, must be pulled in, although it may (Ga.) Constitution.

sisters in the gospel, a negro that isn't | the slower freight steamer, which is a zealous church member being an somewhat risky. Nevertheless it is anomaly), "you'se a makin dem berries | done with the hope which springs eterfly into de basket. Keep dat up and nal in the human breast of better luck you'll hab to hire a kyart to haul yo' next time. The large shippers do not tickets home." calculate to sell more than two-thirds Mary Jane or Eliza Jane or Belinda and sometimes only one-half of their with a coquettish toss of her head, "reck- they raise they must allow a large ons" she won't be turned out of church | margin for loss. It is necessary this year for not paying her dues. Next to the health of the plants, though, to the lively Belinda Jane a great hulk- that every berry shall be picked ing fellow is sprawled all over the plants, off of them, so after shipping has while he slowly picks half a dozen ber-ries at a time. The overseer bawls out: ceased and the strawberries keep blush-ing out among the leaves a second pick-"Git up dar, you lazy black nigger. Yo' ing takes place, out of which the owner legs' too long and yo' feet's too broad makes nothing, as the sttawberries are fur dis heah strawberry field. You'se freely given to the pickers for the labor mashin' a peck fur every quart you of getting them out of the way. But picks. Yander is de fiddlers scrapin', some of the same supervision exists lest the plants be trampled to death by care- try a lamp chimney.' less feet, and some sort of tally is kept to see what the actual bearing qualities | who sat opposite the reporter at the of each variety is. This is the strawberry time for Norfolk, for as long as the berries command a high price in New York and Northern cities they are of white people at the South, where the not sold cheap in Norfolk. But when probably seen a good many fakes. Some the second picking comes-a week or two after stripping has ceased—then a can, in addition to eating glass and debegger might live on strawberries. Five are cried about the streets-and often | but I can't. I can practice the arts of price for picking. As a quart, how- I say to you that I am going to eat ever, can be picked easily without mov- pieces of this glass which you see befields, two cents is a very good price it? You won't deny that?" fifty quarts a day not being an unusal figure. As the negro commonly works only that he may enjoy a spell of idle- fist, and in doing so cut one of his finness, it naturally follows after straw- gers, which required a little attention. can make enough in the three or four weeks to keep them in a delicious and chew and swallow glass, with an apcoveted idleness for as many more. employes by a spider's web in the picking time. — Chicago News.

### DeSOTO'S DISCOVERY.

A Spaniard Who Had the Good Sense of Finding the Mississippi River.

When a gentleman by the name of DeSoto, a Spaniard, obtained the consent of his Government to go into the discovery business on a large scale, he out into the narrow path, with their embraced the opportunity joyfully. He few little creeks and outlets that they

If the government would back him brushwood into the field the scene un- tally-keeper checks them off. If not, up, he said, he would discover a river women and children, nearly all black. being a "black nigger," which is al- on foot and alone across the country in

the New Jersey berries come in he has in the dance are sometimes paired for There is a disposition in some quarevery energy under whip and spur to life. When the engagement is an- ters to criticise De Soto's action. They get the berries on the New York steam- nounced they may be seen picking in say he was a foreigner and had no right er. The negro is not like any other company and putting all their tickets to discover our rivers without first becoming a naturalized citizen. Others less he is amused. As in the old slavery | As fast as the baskets come in they | blame him because he did not stop with days when harvest time came the mas- are put in crates ready to be moved on the Mississippi instead of crossing over ters furnished ice and whisky and had a the big lighters or flat-bottomed boats and discovering Arkansas and the ague banjo in the field, and the head man in | that lie in the river. All day long the | and fever. But some people are never

## A MINISTER'S STORY.

Away from Home in His Youth.

"When I was verging on manhood," said a distinguished divine, some time ago, "I ran away from home. I was, as I am now, a passionate lover of music. around the edge of the field. The merry, o'clock. He rushes to the dancing pa- would not consent to my purpose, and with tickets-the currency of the straw- and gets the dancers down on their knees town in South Carolina my money was berry field-but the pickers always wear picking for dear life. Even the musi- exhausted. I could play the piano, the their old clothes in strawberry time. cians are induced at this stage of the violin and the guitar, and could sing. ments. The men and some of the wom- orders and hurrying things up. announced several performers, but, in en wear big, coarse hats, but among The overseers are flying hither reality, there was but one. I used my the women the antediluvian slat sun- and thither, and no longer make given, or Christian names, Richardson the colored belle is always careful of her the pickers. At last a long blast was more than one performer. For inbooth, where the paymaster, with quart- board. Then every thing is trundled selections by Mr. Hope. Of course the highest wages. It is the rule on the great force of truckmen -all black-are way to Philadelphia. The day I arafter the rush of the strawberry season | the steamer's open hold. They have to I was seized with brain fever which is over, but the ticket is a legal tender rush, for sometimes the line of boats nearly caused my death. But I recovfor any thing in and about the straw- extends half across the Elizabeth river, ered, received my father's forgiveness and when the bell rings the gang plank and learned to play the flute."-Atlanta

-A great many drummers, when crates on board the fast passenger tobacco at the station, subject to his live hundred dollars' worth of chickens probably buy of you next spring. -De look worse than she did. "Ah, sisters" (all are brethren and steamer must now take their chances on order. - Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.

HE DEVOURS STONES.

A New Hampshire Glass-Eater Who Is No Professional and No "Fake."

"This is Harry Ollis, of Keene, N. H.," said Thomas Linsky of Main street. Charlestown Neck, "and I want you to Jane shows all her teeth at this, and, crops, as with such vast quantities as sit down a moment or two and see him eat glass and devour stones. Mr. Ollis is not a professional man, but an ordinary citizen like ourselves. I did not Estelline Bell. believe until I saw the act performed by him that a human being could actually make a meal off of glass and small stones. Now, if you are ready, I shall be pleased to fill your orders. Mr. Mr. Ollis. What will you first eat?"

Ollis smiled and said: "I guess I'll

The article was brought and the man, table, began to break the chimney with his right hand. After he had got several pieces of the size he desired, he said: "You are a reporter and have of my friends go so far as to say that I vouring small stones, eat tacks and cents a quart is a high price when they | telegraph wire and drink kerosene oil, the very best can be had for two cents a the prestidigitator and make some peoquart at one's door, which is the usual ple think I do all these things, but when ing from one spot in those luxuriant fore us, I mean it. That's glass, isn't

The visitor took a piece of it in his hand and said he was satisfied. Ollis again began to break the glass with his Finally he said: "Bring me a glass of water was brought, and Ollis began to to a lady visitor who gave an account sweet-smelling clover. Now when never should have belonged to such a parent disregard for results which was Every employer around about holds his astonishing in the highest degree. He did not attempt to swallow without taking a drink of water. The first piece of glass cut his mouth and some blood followed, but he continued with his lunch till the chimney was nearly all caten.

"If a man would give me fifty dollars in gold I wouldn't swallow a piece of that glass," said Arty Johnson, vicepresident of the Alligators' Social Club. "I don't understand how others can do it and live."

"Neither do I," said Linsky, "for if you give a dog powdered glass on a piece of meat you'll kill him." "Well, I chew and swallow glass,"

continued Ollis, as he began to eat a "I should think you would find a lamp

chimney and a tumbler pretty heavy food," remarked the reporter. "Oh," replied Ollis, "when I don't want a heavy meal I eat a light of glass. Wait a minute and I'll chew up a win-

After concluding his lunch on glass a half dozen or more of small stones were laid on the table, and after carefully dipping each in water Ollis swallowed them and then remarked: "The reason why I swallow these stones is because I sometimes have a sour stomach and don't want to have the glass come up

in my throat." "How long have you been enting glass and swallowing stones?" inquired

"Since I was ten years old," replied Ollis. "Allow me to tell you how I came to do it. When I was about the age I spoke of, my uncle, who used to read to me frequently in the evening, took up a copy of the New York Herald and read aloud a story of a Count residing in Paris, who, after drinking a glass and at its conclusion I said to myself if a Count can eat glass I can. A day or two later I tried the experiment. I was pretty well scared and kept thinking I might die, for you know a boy will sometimes do things that frighten him, but nothing serious came from my first attempt and so I continued to do it. I suppose you can do it as well as I can. I don't know as there is any thing different in our internal organization.

"You want to know how I came to devour stones. I will tell you. You notice that I say I swallow glass and devour stones. I can't chew a stone: I can devour it; you see the difference. As I was about to say, I began devouring stones, that is, stones not larger than the end of my thumb, after I had had a talk with a sword-swallower. He sa'd it was easy enough, and that the stones would not hurt me. He put a stone in his mouth, and then pushed it | The letter was delivered without delay to down his throat with the point of the a Mr. Batlaam, a fishmonger near the sword. I came to the conclusion, the | Monument. same as I did in the case of the Court of Turning from poetry to prose, we find Paris, that if he could do it I could, and | the following vague direction: consequently I added stones to my bill of fare. I am thirty-seven years old."

"Would you be willing to submit to a scientific examination. "Would I? I should be only too glad. Of course the doctors will not believe that I actually chew and swalin a hotel on one occasion. He doubted that I could chew and swallow glass and survive, and went so far as to say that if I could really do it then medical and surgical science had been greatly at fault. I told the doctor if he would send and get a piece of glass that I would demonstrate to him the correctness of my assertion. He did so, and I ate and swallowed the glass. What I have eaten has never hurt me, and you can see for vourself that I am fat and healthy-looking."-Boston Globe.

No Longer Under Obligations. Man (to friend)-You didn't seem to

treat that gentleman with politeness. Friend-I spoke rather roughly, I Man-You have changed toward him.

ing hands with him. Friend-Yes, he owed me then, but he has paid me, consequently you see that I am no longer under obligations to him. -Arkansone Traveler.

The other day I saw you cordially shak-

Gaines, near Scio, Ga. Although he and other fowls .-- Chicago Times.

PITH AND POINT.

-If the safety of the great Brooklyn structure were questioned, 45,000,000 persons would praise the bridge which earried them safely over .- Brooklyn

-When a coil of lead pipe in front of a hardware store begins to wiggle and stick out its forked tongue a Dakota man knows it is time to swear off .-

-"The barbers in some cities are striking for a rest on Sunday." Well, why don't they let their customers do all the talking one day in the week .- Norristown Herald. -Fashionable mother-"You must

never use the word 'tony,' Clara. It is only used by common people." Clara
—"What word shall I use mamma?" Fashionablemother-" 'Swell.' "-N. Y.

-"Is he a man of much calibre?" said Connecticut avenue girl to a Dupont Circle belle about a certain gay and giddy Congressman. "O, yes," was the confident reply, "he is the greatest bore I ever saw." - Washington Critic.

-A minister has been lecturing recently on "Suicide; Its Causes and Cure." We believe he is right, but still it is a pretty impossible task to cure a man of suicide. Nearly all the cases thus far reported have proved fatal .- Bur-

-Little Tony, aged eight, asks his little playmate:- "How old are you, Lucille?" "I'm six, Tony." "Oho! six years, indeed! Are you quite sure? You women are always making yourseives out to be younger than you are." -N. Y. Tribune.

of the late appearance of her wisdom tooth, and then astonished her by asking: "Do foolish persons also get wisdom teeth?"-Babyhood.

-The reason the man who minds the other man's business doesn't get rich is he minds generally isn't grateful enough to be reciprocal and mind the business of the man who minds his business. See? - Somerville Journal.

-Husband (mildly)-You must reperson that ever lived was a man. me about the patience of Job! Think woman must have had to put up with through on her knees. such a man!-Toledo Blade.

-The oldest newspaper man in New York has been on duty continuously, on the same paper, for thirty-five years, and is called the "dean of the press." We have been on duty running a paper for thirty-five weeks, and have only earned the title of "durn Southerner. -Martha's Vineyard Herald.

-First newspaper humorist (at dinner party)-I flatter myself that is not a bad story. Second newspaper humorist (without smiling)-Yes, it will do. F. N. H .- Then why don't you laugh? That is a nice way to treat a friend' joke. S. N. H. (laughing)-O, didn't know this was a social matter. thought you wanted my professiona

### opinion. Pray pardon me. - Puck. ODD ADDRESSES.

Some of the Curiosities Which Have Passed Through English Post-Offices. Many oddly-addressed letters daily pass through the post-offices. Several of the rhyming kind are somewhat remarkable for the poetical skill displayed

A clever example is given in the folowing, addressed to Sir Walter Scott during one of his visits to London: Sir Walter Scott, in London or elsewhere:

He needs not ask, whose wide-extended Is spread about our earth, like light and air A local habitation for his name. Charles Dibden, the naval-song writ-

er, sent a letter to Mr. Hay bearing the tollowing address: Postman, take this sheet away, And carry it to Mr. Hay;

And whether you ride mare or colt Stop at the Theater, Bolton; If in what county you inquire, Merely mention Lancashire. A letter addressed as follows was

mailed in the provinces, and was duly delivered in London: Where London's column pointing to the

Like a tall bulle, lifts its head and lies. There dwells a cit zen of sober fame, A plain, good man, and Balaam is his name

Traveling Band, one of the Four playing in the staget Persha |Pershore Worcestershire. The dod

him if possible Another envelope bore the follow-This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies, 30 Sheriff street, off Prince Edward

Mr. J. Wilson Hyde, in his book, "The Royal Mail," says that two letters directed as follows were duly delivered: "To my sister Jean, Up the Canongate, Down a Close, Edinburgh. She has a

The other was addressed:

'In the latter case," says Mr. Hyde, . ne letter had to feel its way about for a day or two, but 'Ant Sue' was found living in a cottage near Lyndhurst' Home Chimes.

would not believe what a beauty I was twist a sick parishioner in the night, at Christmas. My hair hung in long past a shepherd's cottage where a fierce dog was kept. This dog, having closed, my cheeks were like pink roses. I had on a lovely blue silk dress, with

### Looking at Samples. "If I pick out some wall paper right

away, can you send a man to my house to hang it this forenoon?" she asked in a paper store three or four days ago. "Yes'm."

"Very well: you may show me some

She sat in a chair before the sample -An immense drove of rats recently when she finally heaved a long sigh and I'd cry."

troit Free Press.

DOLLIE'S SAD FATE.

had long golden tresses, and trim little dresses,
And eyes that were brilliant and blue:
had neat little feet, and a figure complete;
But my charms now, also, are but few. I've been knocked, I've been battered, my nose has been shattered; My smile has been turned to a leer;

recoften been sat ou, I've tempted the cat on To carry me off by the car! The moments I treasure, when beaming with pleasure,
My mistress turns kindly to me, And, so great her bliss is, I'm covered

She hugs me and chatters with glee. But when she's enraged, she's ofttimes gaged In boxing my ears in her freak; My face, once so bloomy, is now pale and

gloomy; She's knocked all the pink off my cheek. Apart from this chiding, she's always con-Her joys and her sorrows to me: the brings brother Bennie and sweet cor

Her dear little Dollie so see: The boys she will play with and oft run away with: Between them I'm wrecked more and more; I'm tumbled and tossed, and I'm left and I'm think ye loved her very much, ever, And my stuffing runs over the floor!

Of late I'm neglected, ill-used and dejected;
My mistress has some other craze;
I'm left to the mercy of wee brother Percy, Who's capidly ending my days. Such dashings and thrashings and crashings and smashings

I get every day for no wrong! My clothes are all ragged, my limbs loose and jagged;
They'll tear me apart before long.
—Hugh Mellis, in N. Y. Independent.

### BUTTERCUP.

She Visits and Causes a Disturbance the Sunday-School.

Buttercup went to this church, she did family. How elegant I looked in the not go to the regular service, but to show-case and the other dolls appre-ciated me. An ash barrel, indeed! Sunday-school. Buttercup was a large, Some passer-by will recognize my true yellow cow, who belonged in a field elegance, and rescue me," were the next to the church, in which she ought last words heard by the Japanese lady because the other man whose business to have staid. There was plenty of and gentleman as Molly carried Cleonice grass there for her breakfast, din- patra off. ner and supper. But Buttercup, like a good many people, wanted a change, and when she saw all the boys and girls going into the church door, she member, my dear, that the most patient | thought she would like to go. She tried all the rails of the fence till she Wife (impatiently)-Oh, don't talk to found one that was loose. Then she jerked her head up and down, till she of Mrs. Job! The patience that poor unfastened it so she could crawl

> The Sunday-school had begun by this time, but Buttercup did not mind that. She walked into the church quietly, and as the children and their teachers were all singing, no one noticed her at first. The children rag-picker tore off her silk dress and were sitting in the pews nearest the chancel, so Buttercup got half way up the aisle before any one saw her. the aisle before any one saw her. Then one little boy turned his head. bag. That was the last of Cleopatra. He was so frightened his hymnal fell on the floor; and he cried out: "Oh, see the cow!" Then it seemed as if every body screamed. One of the How a Plucky Lad Saved Northern India teachers got on top of the little cabinet organ, and two or three stood up on

the seats. Buttercup, however, paid no attensticking out of a boy's rocket, and she thought she would like to have it. The but him had fled"? When we were boy, who was Jack Nicholls, did not boys there was scarcely a "declamation know what she wanted, so when she day" on which we did not hear it re-Finlay's hat off, and that made Daisy amples of bovish heroism that no boy

next I don't know; so many people ing, more attractive examples of youtheried: "Shoo!" and there was so much ful heroism occurred at the outbreak noise, she might have got frightened of the Sepoy mutiny in 1857. Just has herself, and a frightened cow can do a fore the awful storm broke, the svo great deal of damage in a church; but of electric telegraphs had been extend-Miss Lloyd, who was the superinten- ed over the surface of British india. dent, called to every one to be quiet. The mutineers rushed to Delhi to seize Then two or three of the bigger boys upon the old hereditary seat of the said if they had a stick they thought Mohammedan empire, and began outthey could get her out. But Miss ting the throats of Europeans. While

Lloyd spoke again: "If there is any boy here whom the rolling around the telegraph office, a cow knows," she see "I think she little English boy, moved by a sense of would follow and that would duty, stuck to his post until he had be better than the graphed to the Commissioner at "She's my chaifather's cow," said Lahore. The message announced that Bruce Smb, stand I guess she will the mutineers had arrived at Delhi, follow m So he went in front of and had murdered this civil an and her and called "Buttercup, Butter- that officer, and wound up with the cup!" and, sure enough, she went after significant but childlike pords: "We're

Now the vestry door was open, and The boy's courage and sease of duty just opposite that was another door saved the Punjab. As soon as the tabe opening out on the grass. As soon as gram reached Lahore, the General in Buttercup caught sight of the nice command the Sepoys disarmed them grass, she ran out and began to nibble the fresh bits around the doorstep. Then, as much as to say "good-bye," injury. The General flashed the awful news. Peshawur. The Hindoostance and trotted off to her own field-Little regiments there were also disarmed Men and Women.

## A SAD FATE.

Dressed and Aristocratic Doll.

curtain where Topsy had dropped her instrument to dispatch the warning .after a good run through the house. Youth's Companion. She was very much shaken, and glad of the quiet and the company of the aristocratic Japanese lady and gentleman on the side of the vase. She began talking at once.

READING FOR THE YOUNG. shoved aside the curtains to open the window before she began the weekly

"As sure as I'm aloive, here's that baste of a doll. I wish it was burns. It's enough to give a body bad dbrames to look at it."

"Do you know, Molly, that Miss Midget niver cared for that doll as she did for the little one with the china head and calico dress?" said the footmap. "Do yez not know why? Shure its because it was so dressed up there was no comfort in playing with it. She tould them she'd muss her up so that the mistress would not keep tellin her

to be careful." "Molly, Molly, have you seen Cleopatra?" said Midget, dancing into the room, with a very plain and quiet-looking doll, with a china head, on her

"Here she is, miss," said Molly. picking Cleopatra from the floor. "I do not want her any more, Molly. She looks unpleasant. You may put her in the ash-barrel."

"No, not as much I do Comfort." and she hugged the doll in her arms closer to her. "When Cleopatra was new she was so stiff and so dressed up that she never made any fun. And then, when she got mussed ever so little, she looked old and homely. Mamma says she did not wear well. Please put her in the ash-barrel, Molly.

"To think of my being thrown aside for a doll with a china face, and who wears a calico dress! Of course I was stiff. She could not expect so fine a doll as me to be any thing but digni-Our little Johnny, who has just attained his fifth year, listened attentively about it were fields of daisies, and ham dress sometimes herself, and I

> "Hie there, Billy! Do ye mind the scarecrow," and a bootblack took Cleopatra by her torn skirt out of the barrel. "D'ye want her for yer little

> "Naw! She got a clean, whole

"But her's rag doll, Billy." "I know it. But isn't a clean, whole rag doll, with the loveliest smile on its face, better'n that one with the ugiv scowl between its eves, and a dirty

silk dress? And Cleopatra was Iropped into the barrel, where she lay until an Italian -Christian Union.

## A BOY'S BRAVERY.

to the British Crown. Do the lads of this generation de claim that poetical tribute to youthful tion to them. She saw a nice red apple heroism which extols the boy who "stood on the burning deck, whence all came near he jumped over into the cited. It may be that the years since next pew and knocked little Daisy then have been so freighted with ex-

now cares for "Casabianca." What Buttercup would have done | One of these later, and, to our thinkthe rattle of cannon and musketry was

and, though mutipeers at heart, were rendered incapable of harms. Then the telegraph was cut by the rete's but the boy at Delhi hat saved Northern What Finally Became of a Once Stylishly- India to the British crown. The officer in charge had been killed, but that Cleopatra lay in the folds of the lace brave lad staid long enough at the

# A Clever Pony.

The following story is told of a pony "The master, a clergyman residing in a lonely neighborhood, was going "My dear Ant Sue as lives in the Cottage "Well, I know I can not stand this, by the Wood near the New Forest Just look at me! I'm a disgrace. You Dackshund, while obeying a call to would not believe what a beauty I was visit a sick parishioner in the night, I had on a lovely blue silk dress, with trying the retriever first and then the a lace overskirt and a broad-brimmed Dachshund. The pony became frighthat. Now look at me! My hair, what ened, and the master dismounted. tittle there is left of it, is a horrid tan- when the dog turned upon him. The gle; my eyes are great staring glass affair became very serious for the eler-balls, all scratched up; one arm is gyman; the Dachshund had been put gone, one foot is broken, both shoes out of the combat, the retriever had are lost, and so is my hat. Every body hid behind the hedge, and he had to used to say: 'What a lovely doll!' Now keep up the fight alone, with no other I always hear: 'Ugh! take that maimed weapon than a riding-whip. Then he and dirty doll out of my sight.' Or: heard a scampering, and the next mo-'Say Midget'-that's the name of the ment the faithful pony rushed up and little girl that owns me-would you darted so suddenly between the comrack until a quarter of twelve, and then went to dinner. She was back at one and remained until almost five, when she finally heaved a long sigh and said to the patient clerk:

"Dear me, but it's such a task and so "Dear me, but it's such a task and so "the long tensor on the flower vase made no answer to the long tensor of the long t has killed about one thousand, there are many left. They have killed about get any at all. Much obliged, and I'll tive hundred dollars' worth of chickens probably buy of you next spring. —De look worse than she did. The maid came in just then, and once more."